



Ch. Pletsch

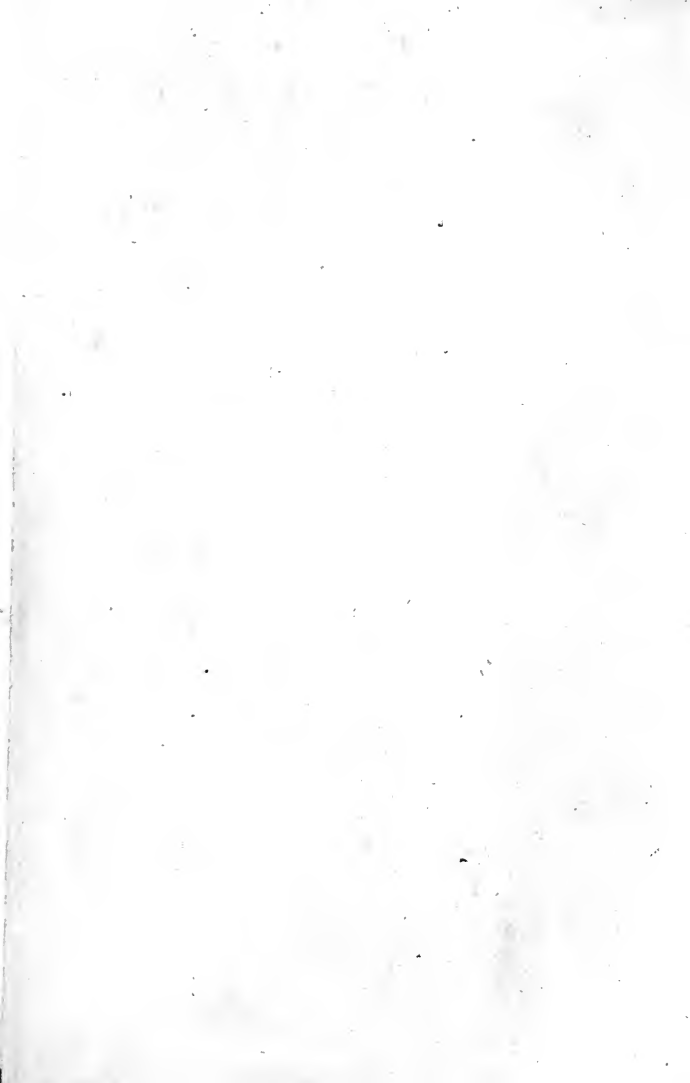
T,

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



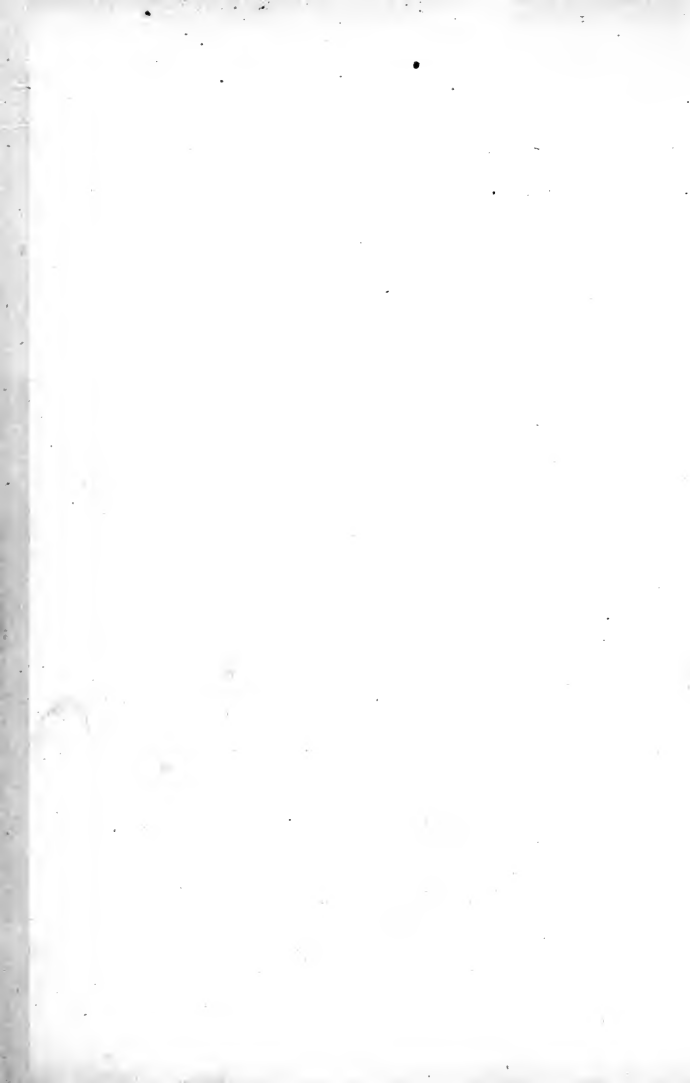


# HAPPY CHILD LIFE

In Pictures

BY

OSCAR PLETSCH.





Happy Child Life.





# HAPPY CHILD LIFE

*In Pictures*

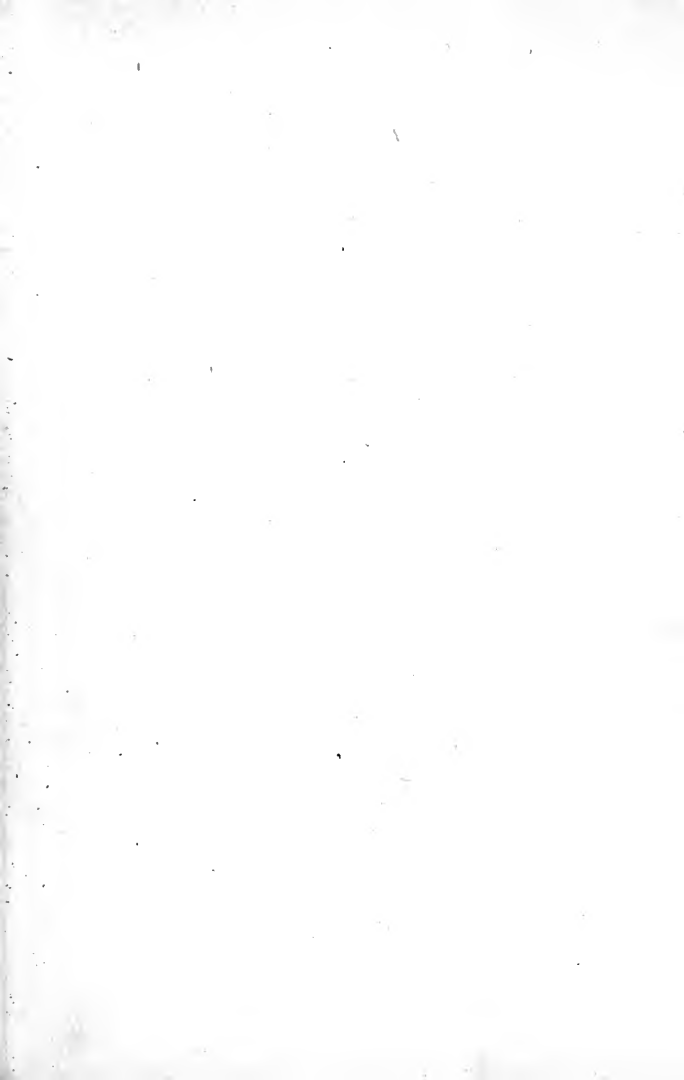
BY  
OSCAR PLETSCH

*WITH RHYMES FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN*

BY  
MRS. CHARLES HEATON



LONDON:  
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,  
BEDFORD STREET STRAND



## CONTENTS.

WASHING BABY.      INFANCY.

SPITZ'S EDUCATION.

THE ORGAN BOY.      MARGARET'S GARDEN.

LITTLE MAY.

OUR BABY-BOY.      LITTLE BROOK.

PUSSY, DEAR PUSSY.

MARGARET'S MUSIC.      SUMMER-TIME.

FIRST LOVE.

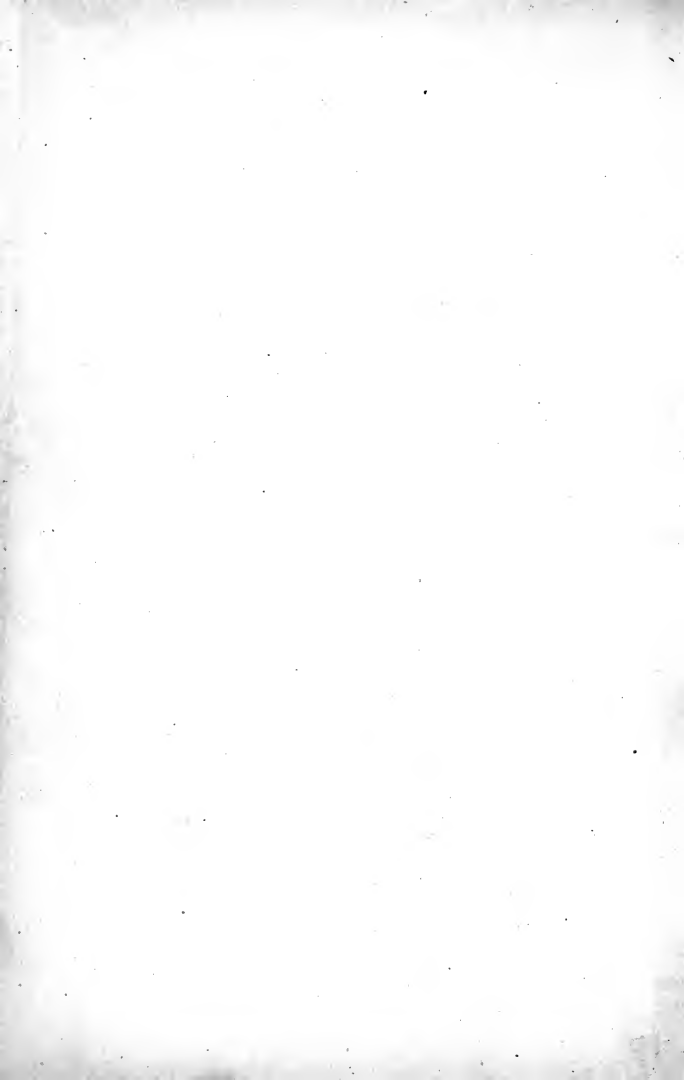
THE ARMY'S RETURN.      LADY TABBYSKIN'S BALL.

OFF TO THE WAR.

GOOD MORNING.      THE FALL.

A VILLAGE MAID WAS I.

THE OLD MILL.      LITTLE DAISY.



## WASHING BABY.

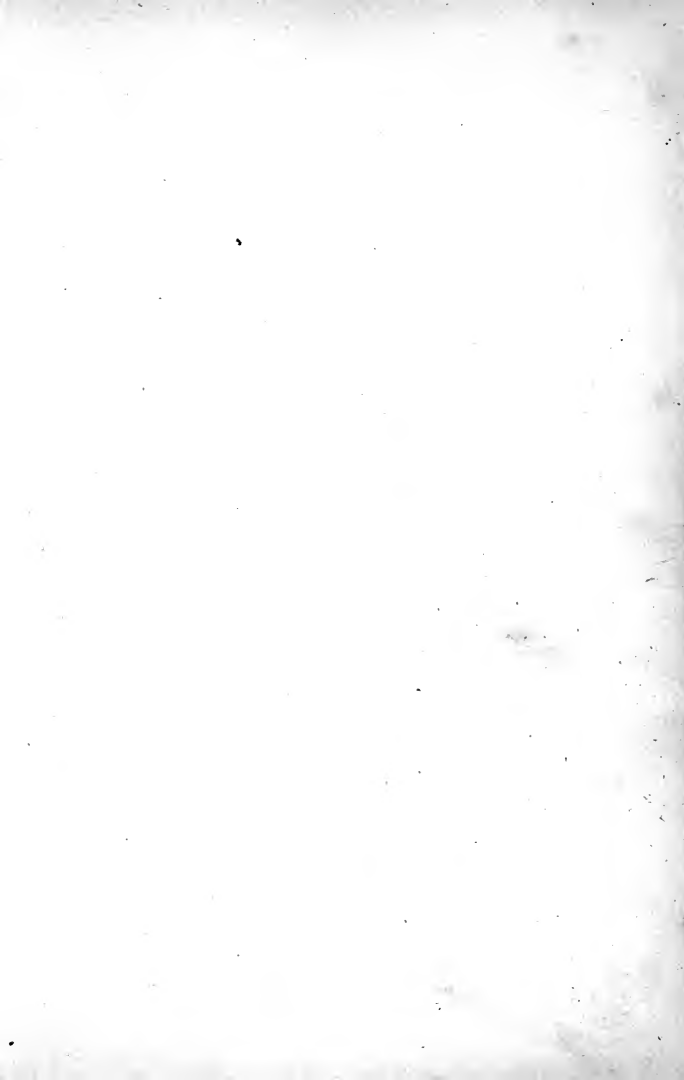
BABY, baby, do not cry,  
Nurse must wash and rub you dry ;  
Wash the little dimply face,  
Wash each little creasy place,  
Wash the little curly ears, ,  
Wash away the falling tears,  
Wash the soft fat neck so sweet,  
Little hands and little feet.

When to bed my Baby goes,  
Doggie runs off with her clothes ;  
Pussy puts away her frock,  
Mousey carries off her sock ;

WASHING BABY.

And what is naughty Bunny at,  
In my Baby's garden hat?  
He has stuck it on one ear.  
Funny Bunny, bring it here!







OUR BABY BOY



## INFANCY.

*"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."*—WORDSWORTH.

So near to heaven our Baby-boy,  
Who came to us last year,  
That still his former playmates love  
To play with him down here.

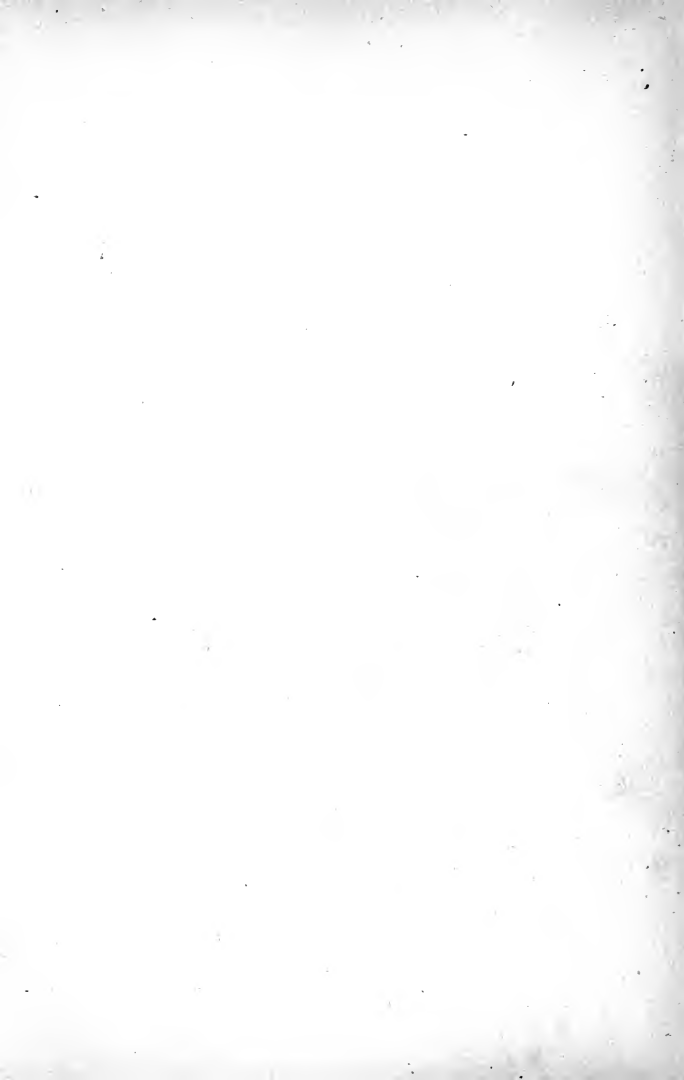
In tender cooing tones he talks  
To angel-guests unseen  
By our dim eyes, that cannot pierce  
The mists of years between.

And often when asleep he lies,  
A smile comes o'er his face,  
And then we know that he hath dreams  
Of some more joyful place ;

## INFANCY.

Of some fair world unknown to us,  
But shedding still its rays  
Of beauty and of innocence  
O'er childhood's early days.







SPITZ'S EDUCATION

### SPITZ'S EDUCATION.

OH, SPITZ, this really is too bad,

A dog brought up like you!

Do you forget already, Sir,

All you've been taught to do?

Now look at me, and pray attend;

Give me your right hand paw.

No! that is not the right one, Spitz;

I've told you that before.

When I say "Trust," you know, dear Spitz,

Your honour is concerned:

You would not gobble up the cake

Because my back was turned.

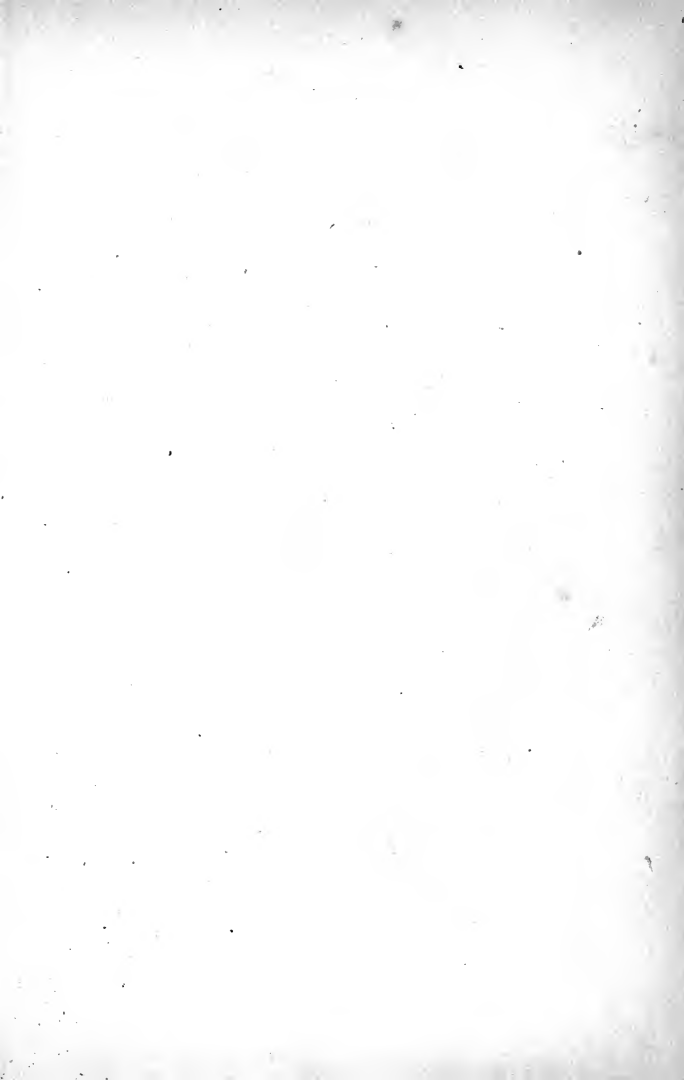
SPITZ'S EDUCATION.

And you must learn to balance things  
Upon your shiny nose ;  
And, Spitz, be careful when you walk,  
To well turn out your toes.

Some day I'll teach you, Spitz, to walk  
Upon two legs like me ;  
But then, old Spitz, you must behave  
With more gentility.

Your paw again—you shocking dog !  
With all the pains I've taken,  
To find in left and right paw still  
You always are mistaken.







THE ORGAN BOY



### THE ORGAN BOY.

WHERE the orange sheds its bloom,  
And the myrtle its perfume ;  
Where the red pomegranate flower  
Burns amidst its dark green bower ;

'Neath Italia's sunny skies  
He first opened his dark eyes  
In a world of light and joy—  
The poor homeless organ boy.

But the tide of human woes,  
Ebbless tide that ever flows,

THE ORGAN BOY.

Drifted him on these cold shores,  
To play the organ at our doors.

Little waif! not all forlorn,  
Though from friends and country torn,  
Still thy marmot loveth thee,  
And kind hearts feel sympathy.







MARGARET'S GARDEN

MARGARET'S GARDEN.

I HAVE a little garden,  
A garden of my own,  
And every day I water there  
The seeds that I have sown.

I love my little garden,  
And tend it with such care,  
You will not find a faded leaf  
Or blighted blossom there.

Sweet mignonette and larkspur,  
Blue lupin and sweet peas,  
White rocket and escholtzia.—  
I've some of all of these.

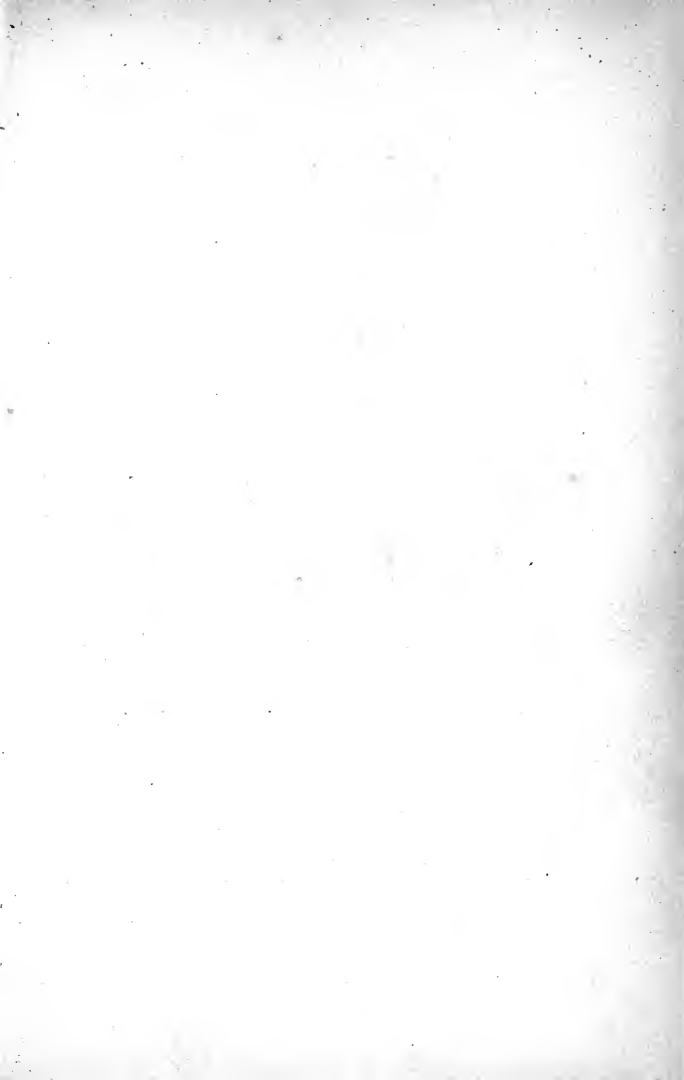
MARGARET'S GARDEN.

And in the very middle  
A fair white lily grows,  
And by its side, contrasting well,  
A beautiful red rose.

Pale primroses and violets  
May also there be found ;  
It is the gayest little plot  
In all the garden round.

But still I think that there is room  
For one more flower as well :  
Pray, Mr. Gardener, have you got  
A Canterbury bell ?







LITTLE MAY



### LITTLE MAY.

FIVE years old our little May,  
Five years old her last birthday.  
She can sing, and she can play.  
Clever little May.

She can knit and she can sew,  
She can read and write also :  
Many things our May can do.  
Useful little May.

May is neither dark nor fair ;  
Chestnut brown her plaited hair ;  
Tinged skin by sun and air.  
Healthy little May.

LITTLE MAY.

Thoughtful eyes of softest hue,  
You scarce can tell if grey or blue,  
But you feel those eyes are true.

Honest little May

Two sweet dimples when she smiles,  
When from you, with artful wiles,  
Some new story she beguiles.

Coaxing little May.

She has such a winning grace,  
In your heart she steals a place ;  
Very sweet her simple face.

Darling little May.

Little things delight her still,  
Little joys her measure fill,  
Little knows she yet of ill.

Happy little May.

### OUR BABY-BOY.

Who can that little boy be on the floor?

I think I remember him somewhere before.

Ten little fingers and ten little toes,

Two round eyes and a little snub nose,

Two dimpled cheeks so fat and so red,

And a big paper cap on the top of his head;

Two curly ears like shells on each side,

A round little chin and mouth open wide;

Four little teeth just able to bite,

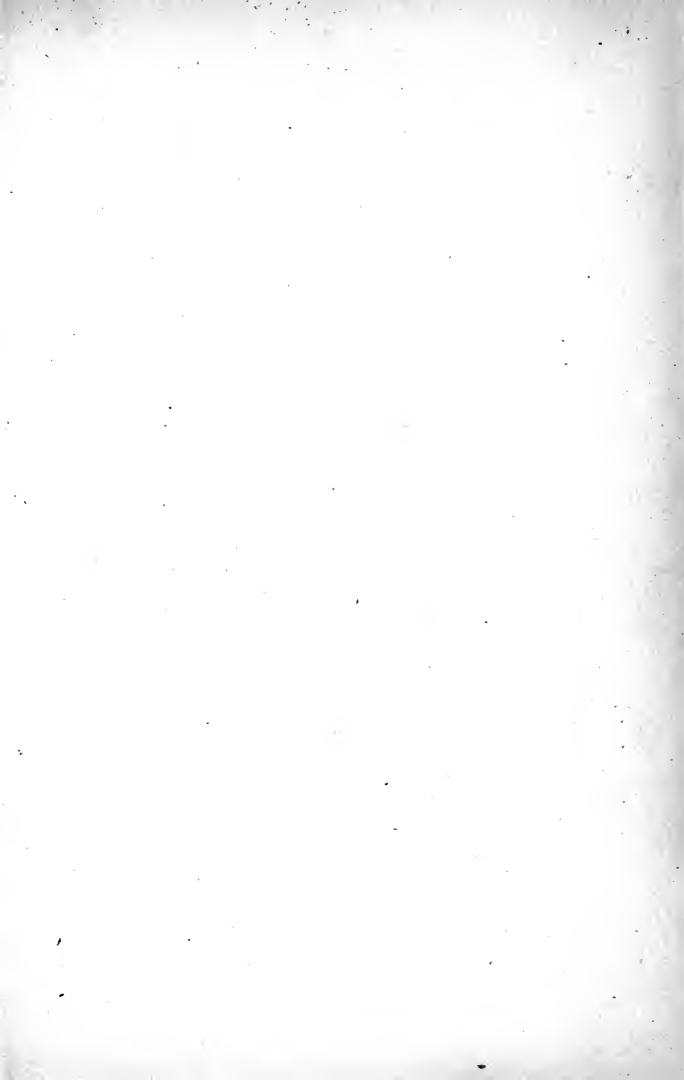
Two rosy lips one could kiss day and night;

## OUR BABY-BOY.

Two sturdy legs just beginning to walk,  
A sweet saucy tongue just beginning to talk.  
Oh! who can he be? I wish I could tell;  
He looks as though he knew me very well.

Why, it's our little Baby, I really declare!  
No greater rascal you'll find anywhere.  
Come, kiss me, my baby, and let me kiss you,  
That's the best thing for a baby to do.







LITTLE BROOK

### LITTLE BROOK.

WHERE are you running so fast, little Brook,  
Over the stones so grey?

Stop for a moment, I prithee, dear Brook,  
Just for a moment, and play.

You chatter away as you flow, little Brook,  
But speak to me never a word,  
Though often I whisper to you, little Brook,  
Sweet secrets by others unheard.

Oh! what do you say to the birds, little Brook,  
That fly to your bosom to drink?  
Oh! what do you say to the flowers, dear Brook,  
That cluster so close to your brink?

### LITTLE BROOK.

And what do you say to yourself, little Brook,  
As you ripple in music along?  
The while that I fill my pitcher, dear Brook,  
Please, tell me the words of your song.

You are hasting away to the sea, dear Brook,  
To the great unfathomèd sea;  
You may not delay for a moment, dear Brook:  
Is that what you whisper to me?

Ah! then your life is like ours, little Brook!  
Ever hurrying, hurrying on,  
Till the waves of an unknown sea, little Brook,  
We reach some day, and are gone.









PUSSY, DEAR PUSSY

PUSSY, DEAR PUSSY.

PUSSY, dear Pussy, I've made up your bed,  
And here is a pillow to rest your poor head,  
A nightcap I'll fetch to tie over your ears:  
How funny you'll feel when a mousey appears.

You lie there by Dolly, just blinking your eyes,  
Looking, old Pussy, so solemnly wise,  
As though you knew ever so much more than  
she ;

Yet, what you are thinking, you never tell me.

Pray, are you the Pussy-cat, loyal and bold,  
Who made that so famous long journey of old ?  
That ever illustrious Pussy, I mean,  
Who went up to London to visit the Queen.

PUSSY, DEAR PUSSY.

Or, are you the cat of the Nursery rhyme,  
Who played on the fiddle-strings, once on a  
time?

The same, I believe, who ran right up a tree,  
While someone stood counting out one, two  
and three.

No, Pussy, I've known you since you were a  
kitten ;

Your life, I feel sure, Ma'am, has yet to be  
written—

Perhaps by myself, when I know how to write ;  
But now, Pussy dear, I must bid you good-  
night.







MARGARET'S MUSIC

## MARGARET'S MUSIC.

*Margaret (meditating as she counts 1, 2, 3).*

Three crotchets in a bar,  
Steady notes those crotchets are ;  
Six quavers somewhat quicker,  
Semi-quavers coming thicker,  
Demi-semi-quavers too,  
Then a minim counting two.

*Charlie.*

If you don't cease that hum, strum, thrum,  
I'll tell you what! I'll get my drum  
And thump upon it one, two, three,  
Just in the way that you serve me,  
Then we will see who makes most noise,  
Affected girls or 'horrid boys.'

MARGARET'S MUSIC.

*Papa (in the next room, thin partition).*

Orpheus with music lulled to rest  
The passions of the human breast.  
But I don't know! whene'er I hear  
Such music as now greets my ear,  
I feel my temper rising fast,  
And patience gets worn out at last.  
I cannot stand it any more. (*Aloud.*)  
Pray, stop that wretched din, before—  
Before you drive me down-right mad.

*Mamma.* Another father would be glad  
To hear the progress Margaret's made  
This last half-year.

*Papa.* For which I've paid.

*Mamma.*

The darling child! She now can play  
Three tunes!

*Papa.* She's playing them all day.

*Mamma.*

And yet you grudge five pounds a quarter,  
For music for your little daughter.







SUMMER TIME

### SUMMER-TIME.

THE snow on the mountains  
Is melting away ;  
The woodlands and valleys  
With blossoms are gay.

The song-birds are singing  
A melody sweet ;  
All things are rejoicing  
The summer to greet.

The bees' pleasant murmur  
Pervades the warm air ;  
The chirp of the cricket  
Is heard everywhere.

SUMMER-TIME.

The breath of the meadow  
Is fragrant with hay ;  
The cow is enjoying  
Her rest at noonday ;

And voices of children  
O'erflowing with mirth,  
Fill up the glad chorus  
That rises from earth.

The whole world is teeming  
With summer delight ;  
The days are so long now,  
There's no time for night.







FIRST LOVE

### FIRST LOVE.

WHEN you could scarce toddle,  
And I could just walk,  
Before even you, dear,  
Attempted to talk,

Then you were my sweetheart:  
And I have been true  
From that day to this, dear;  
But how about you?

I gave you a doll, once,  
Upon your birthday:  
You poked out its eyes,  
And then cast it away.

FIRST LOVE.

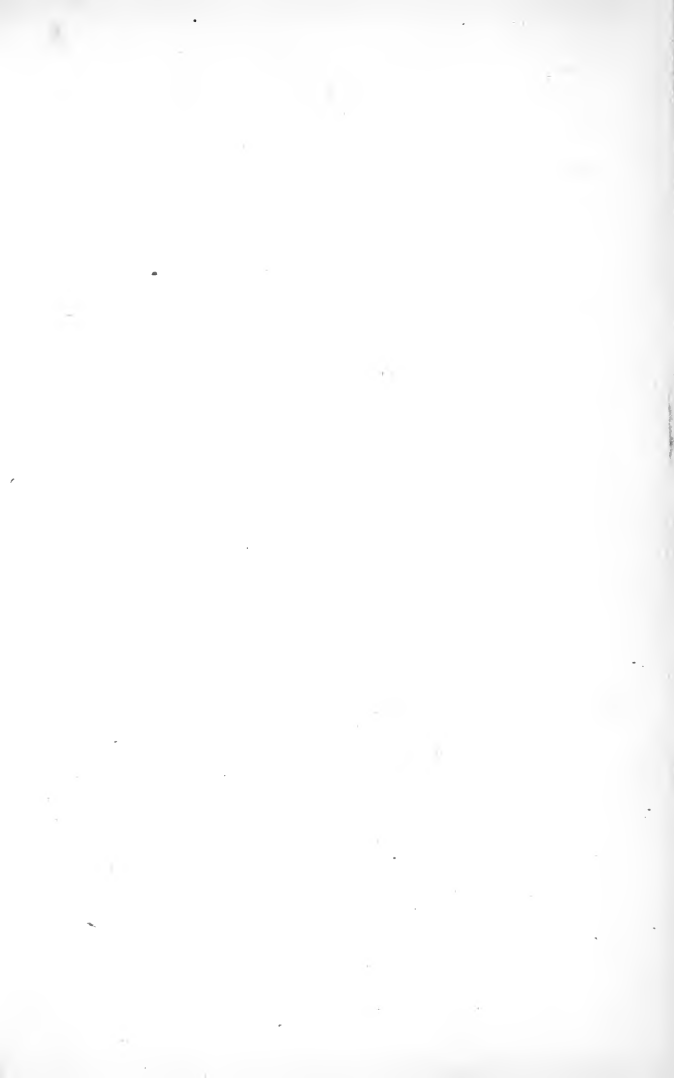
Would you serve me the same, dear,  
I wonder, if I  
Gave my heart to your keeping?  
I only can try.

'T would not be so cruel,  
Though blind I should be,  
As for my little sweetheart  
To cease to love me.

So if, my sweet Molly,  
You mean to say Nay,  
You may poke out my eyes  
Ere you cast me away.









ETURN OF THE ARMY

## THE ARMY'S RETURN.

TRAMP of feet  
Down the street,  
March and march along;  
Beat of drum,  
Here they come,  
With victorious song.

Wave the flag,  
Honour's rag  
In the field unfurled,  
Midst the strife,  
Life for life,  
Of a furious world.

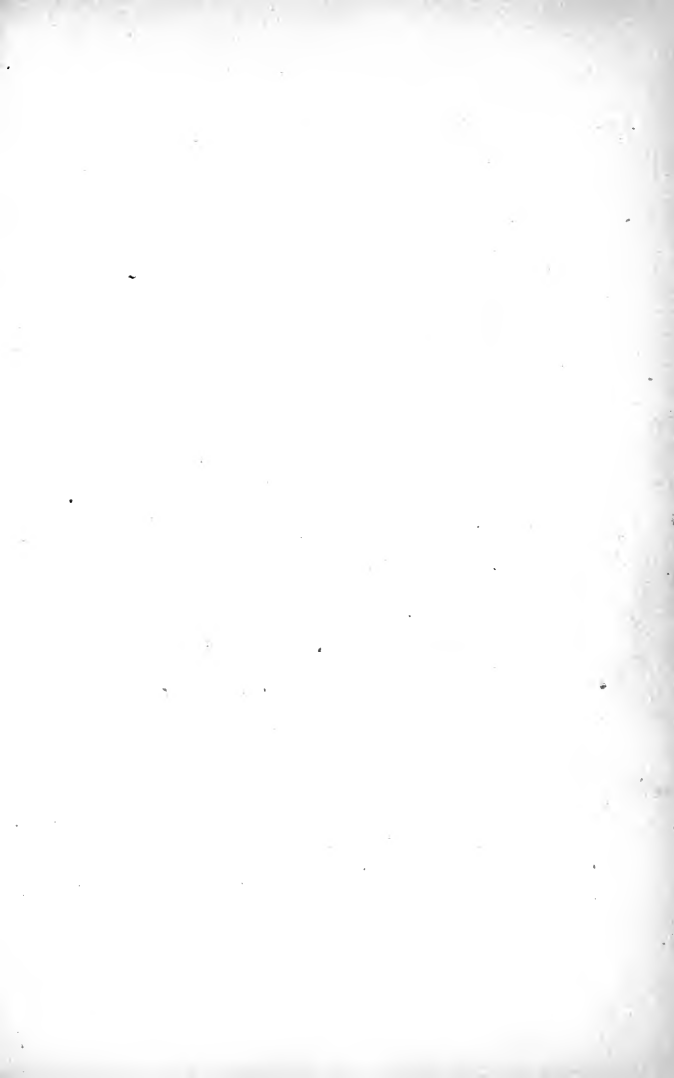
Children all,  
Soldiers small,  
Like young heroes play;

THE ARMY'S RETURN.

Shoulder gun,  
And in fun  
Gaily march away.

All forgot  
Is his lot,  
Who went with hopes so high :  
Heart so bold  
Lying cold,  
'Neath a pitiless sky.

But alone  
Making moan,  
A sad heart indoors  
Scarcely hears  
For her tears,  
Of these glorious wars.





LADY TABBYSKIN'S BALL

## LADY TABBYSKIN'S BALL.

LADY TABBYSKIN gave a large party last night,  
While we were asleep in our beds;  
The Pussycats danced in the clear moonlight,  
All over the tiles and the leads.

Sir Grimalkin the fierce, just home from the  
wars,  
And Mademoiselle Minette from France  
(You'd never suspect such a darling had claws)  
Led off in the first country-dance.

Sweet Blanchette was there, blue eyes and white  
hair,  
The Belle of the country all round;  
But so deaf that, though all were miouing for  
her,  
She never could hear the least sound.

LADY TABBYSKIN'S BALL.

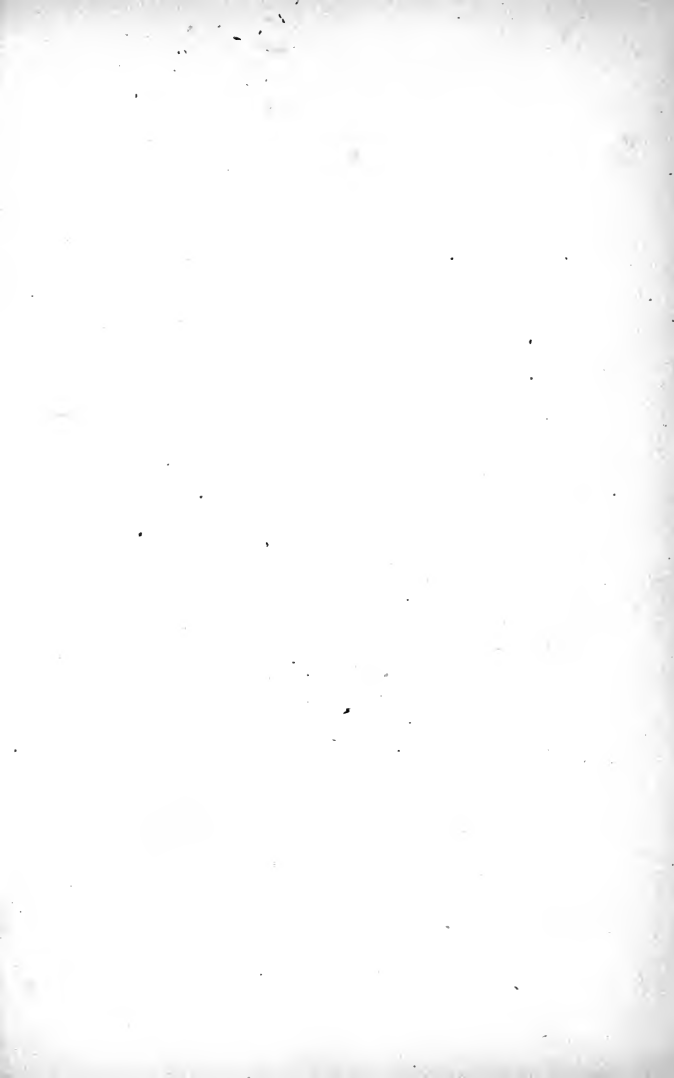
Black Tom gazed and sighed as if deeply in love;  
He looked somewhat anxious and pale;  
But just as he hoped the fair creature to move  
Slyboots gave a tug at his tail.

Miss Tortoiseshell sang a most beautiful song,  
Though I could not quite make out the  
words,  
But the pith of the ditty, unless I heard wrong,  
Was tender young mice and sweet birds.

Then all joined in chorus, Oh dear! Oh dear!  
It woke me from out of my sleep;  
Such music it never befel me to hear!  
I ran to the window to peep:

And there I beheld the sweet picture you see,  
Of the big Pussy-cats, and the small,  
As they danced, and they sang, on the roofs in  
high glee,  
At the great Lady Tabbyskin's ball.







OFF TO THE WAR

OFF TO THE WAR.

COME, saddle and bridle my gallant roan steed ;  
Give him a mouthful of hay.  
Sweet ostler, I hope he has had a good feed  
Of beans and oats to-day.

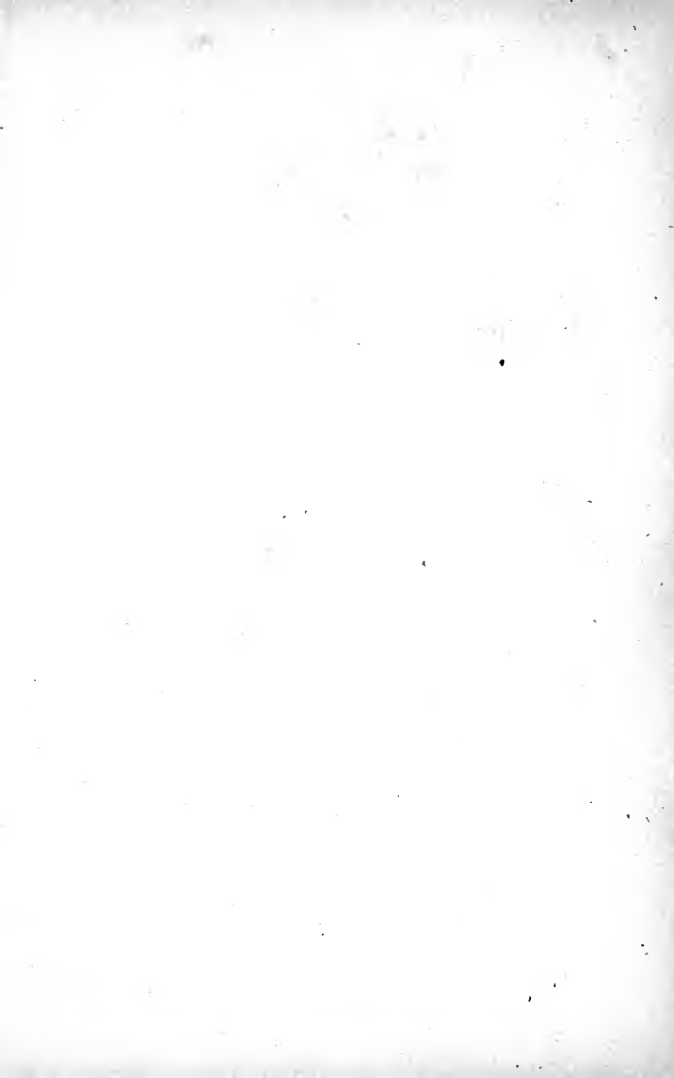
Now give him his head. Goodbye, my love ;  
My groom jumps up behind,  
Then off we go at a galloping pace,  
Outstripping far the wind.

Away, away, over hill and plain,  
A rider bold am I ;  
You cannot throw me off, old horse,  
However much you try.

OFF TO THE WAR.

Away, away, we still gallop on ;  
I hear the cannon's roar ;  
My good broad sword I brandish high,  
We're off unto the war.







GOOD MORNING

## GOOD MORNING

Good morning, shines the sun  
In at our window pane ;  
The day's work has begun,  
And life awakes again.

Good morning, blows the breeze  
Across the heathery lea ;  
Good morning, nod the trees  
To sails far out at sea.

Good morning, sings the lark,  
Up in the cloudless blue,  
And watchers through the dark,  
With morn their hopes renew.

GOOD MORNING.

Good morning, coos the dove,  
Unto its faithful mate ;  
Good morning to my love,  
Says darling little Kate.

Good morning, little maiden,  
May thy days ever be  
With happiness full laden,  
No ill come nigh to thee.









THE FALL

## THE FALL.

WHAT! fallen down again, my pet,  
And made your forehead bleed?  
Mamma has kissed the place, you say,  
Yet something more you need!

Perhaps an orange would do good,  
Cut into slices thin;  
Or else a nice ripe pear, might ease  
The pain that you are in.

I've known a fig to cure a smart,  
When carefully applied,  
Not to the wounded place itself,  
But to the mouth—inside.

## THE FALL.

Once, I remember, cocoa-nut  
Acted with magic power ;  
And dried up tears that fast had flowed  
For nearly half an hour.

And chocolate has virtue great,  
For scratches, cuts, and bruises,—  
But toffee is the remedy  
That little Mary chooses.







A VILLAGE MAID WAS I

A VILLAGE MAID WAS I.

IN a far-off foreign land,  
In a city big and grand,  
Amidst pomp and show I live ;  
But, ah me ! what would I give,  
    The simple maid  
    To be once more,  
Who played before our cottage door.

Sometimes in the ball-room's crowd,  
When my beauty's praised aloud,

Sometimes when I sit alone,  
Thinking of the time that's gone,

    I see again  
    A peasant child,  
Running barefoot o'er the wild ;

A VILLAGE MAID WAS I.

Picking flowers in the dell,  
Drawing water at the well ;  
Careless, happy, full of glee,  
Laughing, talking merrily :

    An artless girl,  
    Unconscious yet  
Of anything she would forget.

Wearily on pleasure's stream  
I pause a moment then, and dream  
Of that sweet time of trustful youth  
Ere I learnt the world's untruth.

    And oft a tear  
    Comes in mine eye,  
To think that village maid was I.









THE OLD MILL.

### THE OLD MILL.

IN twilight's dim and mystic hour,  
When pales the day's broad light,  
The glow of memory oft reveals  
Scenes long since passed from sight.

I see once more the dear old mill,  
Where we were wont to play  
In childhood's happy summer days,  
Before the blue turned grey.

## THE OLD MILL.

I hear again the mill-wheel's splash,  
The pigeons' cooing note,  
The ripple of the little stream  
That bore my paper boat.

I see the gables of the roof,  
The latticed windows small,  
The overhanging eaves that made  
Fantastic shadows fall.

I see myself a merry boy  
That feigned to be a sack,  
And oft was carried to the mill,  
On sturdy Nanny's back.

I see you, dear, a blue-eyed girl,  
With flowing golden hair  
(I fancy I have still a curl  
Out of Time's reach, somewhere)

## THE OLD MILL.

And sitting in life's eventide  
With you at close of day,  
It does not seem so long ago  
Since those days passed away.



### LITTLE DAISY.

LIKE a daisy in the grass  
Grows our bonnie little lass  
Just a daisy, and no more,  
Springing up before our door.

But the earth would seem less fair  
If the daisies grew not there ;  
And our lives would lose a grace,  
Should we miss that daisy face.



LITTLE DAISY







